

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

- I. Collected from the SCRIPTURES.
- II. Composed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.
- III. Prepared for the LORD'S SUPPER.

By I. WATTS, D.D.

*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy,
&c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.
Rev. v. 9.*

*Soliti essent (i.e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque
Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plinius in Epist.*

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P R E F A C E.

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest a-kin to heaven ; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men : And in these last days of the gospel we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord ; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the *New Jerusalem*, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion ; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches, still want some degrees of reformation ; nor are the methods of prayer so perfect, as to stand in need of no correction or improvement : But of all our religious solemnities, *Psalmody* is the most unhappily managed : That very action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakes our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

A

I have

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel; many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven, by some expressions that are more suitable to the day of *carnal ordinances*, and fit only to be sung in the *worldly sanctuary*. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figures of *Judaism*, yet the very next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely *Jewish* and cloudy, that it darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus by keeping too close to *David* in the house of God, the veil of *Moses* is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the *loving kindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies*, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips; that *God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living*, Psal. lxi. 26, 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of *loving our enemies*; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the
Psalmist,

Psalmist, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of *David* or of *Asaph*, that breaks off our song in the midst; and our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto God: Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and, perhaps, in some instances, that *salvo* is hardly sufficient neither: Besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it: For while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of *David*. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private christians have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted, a reformation: At their importunate and repeated requests I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: It is the most noble, most devotional, and divine collection

of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired; but it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own: there are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord *Jesus* and his Apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, *the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets*, Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following compositions.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of christians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the

Blessed

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Blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord *Jesus Christ*. To him also, even to the *Lamb that was slain and now lives*, I have addressed many a song: for thus doth the Holy Scripture instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of christian psalmody described in the *Revelation*. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the Word of God, and *sing his praises with understanding*, Psal. xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secloded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader that savour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole Book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy

mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and a more unconfined variety of numbers, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral composures, are now printed in a *second* edition of the poems, intitled, *Hymnæ Lyricæ*; for as in that book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer sort of christians, so in this, it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainment of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time (if possible) not to give disgust to persons of richer sense and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume, this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first

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first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the *first*, I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased, according to the judgment of the critics: But as my whole design was to aid the devotion of christians, so more especially in this part: And I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, namely, assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those, who think nothing must be sung unto God but the translations of his own word: Yet you will always find in this paraphrase, dark expressions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear such an alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of Psalms fitted for the use of our churches, and *David* converted into a christian: but because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glo-

rious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have, through divine goodness already proceeded half way through.

The *Second Part* consists of H Y M N S, whose form is of mere human compofure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part: but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay or flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded the heat: yet I hope, in many of them the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hands were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart: nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figure comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth *Psalms*, several chapters of *Job*, and other poetical parts of scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that in imitation

tation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing an *Hymn* after we have partaken of the bread and wine; here you will find some paraphrases of scripture, and some other compositions. There are *above an hundred Hymns* in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last: but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the Table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of *Israel*, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that his blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private christians: and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours: my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and view in the first publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to Him, with thankfulness, how useful He has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies and of private persons: and upon the same grounds I have a better prospect and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in *Zion* shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note, In all the longer hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotchets thus [], which stanzas may be left out in singing without disturbing the sense. Those parts are also included in such crotchets, which contain words too poetical for meaner understandings, or too particular for whole congregations to sing. But after all, it is best in public psalmody for the minister to choose the particular parts and verses of the psalm or hymn that is to be sung, rather than to leave it to the judgment or casual determination of him that leads the tune.

Note, Since the sixth edition of this book, the author hath finished what he hath so long promised, namely, *The Psalms of DAVID, imitated in the language of the New Testament*; which the world has received with approbation, by the sale of some thousands in a year's time. It is presumed, that book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be such a sufficient provision for psalmody, as to answer most occasions of the christian's life: And if an author's own opinion may be taken, he esteems it the greatest work that ever he has published, or ever hopes to do, for the use of the churches.

March 3, 1720.

A TABLE to find any Hymn by the first Line.

Note, The Letters, *a, b, c*, denote the Ist. IId. or IIId.
Book: the Figures direct to the Hymn.

A	B. H.
A DORE and tremble for our God -	a 42
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed -	b 9
All glory to thy wond'rous name -	c 33
All mortal vanities begone -	a 25
And are we wretches yet alive -	b 105
And must this body die -	b 110
And now the scales have left mine eyes -	b 81
Arise my soul, my joyful powers -	b 82
At thy command, our dearest Lord -	c 19
Attend while God's exalted Son -	b 130
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue -	a 20
Awake, our souls, away our fears -	a 48
Away from every mortal care -	b 123

B	B. H.
B ACKWARD with humble shame we look	a 57
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme	b 69
Behold how sinners disagree -	a 131
Behold the blind their sight receive -	b 137
Behold the glories of the Lamb -	a 1
Behold the grace appears -	a 3
Behold the potter and the clay -	a 117
Behold the Rose of Sharon here -	a 68
Behold the woman's promis'd Seed -	b 135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine -	a 123
Behold what wond'rous grace -	a 64
Bless'd are the humble souls that see -	a 102
Bless'd be the everlasting God -	a 26
Bless'd be the Father and his love -	c 26
Bless'd is the man, whose cautious feet -	a 31
Bless'd morning! whose young dawning rays	b 72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence -	b 128
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies -	b 118
Bright King of glory, dreadful God -	b 51
Broad is the road that leads to death -	b 158
Bury'd in shadows of the night -	a 97
But few among the carnal wife -	a 96

C	B. H.
C AN creatures to perfection find -	b 170
Christ and his cross is all our theme	a 119
Come, all harmonious tongues -	b 84
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell -	a 135
Come, happy souls, approach your God	b 103

Come hither, all ye weary souls	-	a 127
Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	-	b 34
Come, let us join a joyful tune	-	c 8
Come, let us join our chearful songs	-	a 61
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	-	b 108
Come, let us lift our voices high	-	c 21
Come, we that love the Lord	-	b 30

D

Daughters of Sion, come, behold	-	a 72
Dear Lord, behold our sore distress	-	b 163
Dearest of all the names above	-	b 148
Death cannot make our souls afraid	-	b 49
Death may dissolve my body now	-	a 27
Death! 'tis a melancholy day	-	b 52
Deceiv'd by subtil snares of hell	-	a 107
Deep in the dust before thy throne	-	a 124
Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove	-	b 23
Do we not know that solemn word	-	a 122
Down headlong from their native skies	-	b 96
Dread Sov'reign let my ev'ning song	-	b 7

E

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad	-	a 2
Eternal Sov'reign of the sky	-	b 149
Eternal Spirit, we confess	-	b 133

F

FAITH is the brightest evidence	-	a 120
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	-	b 15
Father, I long, I faint, to see	-	b 68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace	-	c 24
Firm and unmov'd are they	-	a 23
Firm as the earth, thy gospel stands	-	a 138
From heav'n the sinning angels fell	-	b 97
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	-	b 75

G

GEntiles by nature, we belong	-	a 114
Give me the wings of faith to rise	-	b 140
Give to the Father praise	-	c 37
Glory to God the Trinity	-	c 29
Glory to God that walks the sky	-	b 59
Glory to God the Father's name	-	c 27
God is a Spirit just and wise	-	a 136
God of the morning, at whose voice	-	a 79
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice	-	b 70
God, the eternal awful name	-	b 27
God, who in various methods told	-	a 53
Go preach my gospel faith the Lord	-	a 128
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	-	a 146
Great God how infinite art thou	-	b 67

	Great God, I own thy sentence just	-	a	6
127	Great God, thy glories shall employ	-	b	167
34	Great God, to what a glorious height	-	b	112
8	Great King of glory, and of grace	-	b	159
61	Great was the day, the joy was great	-	b	144
108	H			
21	HAD I the tongues of <i>Greeks</i> and <i>Jerus</i>		a	134
30	Happy thy church, thou sacred place		b	64
	Happy the heart where graces reign	-	b	38
72	Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	-	b	63
163	Hark! the Redeemer from on high	-	a	70
148	Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims		a	18
49	Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone		b	73
27	Here at thy cross my dying God	-	b	4
53	High as the heav'ns above the sky	-	b	115
107	High on a hill of dazzling light	-	b	18
124	Honour to thee, Almighty three	-	c	35
23	Hosanna, &c.	-	c	42---45
121	Hosanna to our conqu'ring King	-	b	89
96	Hosanna to the Prince of light	-	b	76
7	Hosanna to the royal Son	-	a	16
	Hosanna with a chearful sound	-	b	8
3	How are thy glories here display'd	-	c	25
149	How beauteous are their feet	-	a	19
133	How can I sink with such a prop	-	b	116
	How condescending and how kind	-	c	4
120	How full of anguish is the thought	-	b	100
15	How heavy is the night	-	a	98
68	How honourable is the place	-	a	8
24	How large the promise, how divine	-	a	113
23	How oft have sin and <i>Satan</i> strove	-	a	139
138	How rich are thy provisions, Lord	-	c	12
97	How sad our state by nature is	-	b	90
75	How shall I praise th' eternal God	-	b	166
	How short and hasty is our life	-	b	32
114	How shall the sons of <i>Adam's</i> race	-	a	86
140	How strong thine arm is, mighty God	-	a	49
37	How sweet and awful is the place	-	c	11
29	How vain are all things here below	-	b	48
59	How wond'rous great, how glorious bright	-	b	87
27	I			
136	I Cannot bear thine absence, Lord	-	b	117
79	I give immortal praise	-	c	38
70	I hate the tempter and his charms	-	b	156
27	I lift my banner, saith the Lord	-	a	29
53	I love the windows of thy grace	-	b	145
128	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	-	a	103
146	I send the joys of earth away	-	b	11
67				

I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death	-	b 114
<i>Jehovah</i> speaks, let <i>Israel</i> hear	-	a 84
<i>Jehovah</i> reigns, his throne is high	-	b 168
<i>Jesus</i> , in thee our eyes behold	-	a 145
<i>Jesus</i> invites his saints	-	c 2
<i>Jesus</i> is gone above the skies	-	c 6
<i>Jesus</i> , the man of constant grief	-	a 11
<i>Jesus</i> , we bless thy Father's name	-	a 54
<i>Jesus</i> , we bow before thy feet	-	c 18
<i>Jesus</i> , with all thy saints above	-	b 29
In <i>Gabriel's</i> hand a mighty stone	-	a 59
In thine own ways, O God of love	-	a 30
In vain the wealthy mortals toil	-	a 24
In vain we lavish out our lives	-	a 9
Infinite grief! amazing woe	-	b 95
Join all the glorious names	-	a 150
Join all the names of love and power	-	a 149
Is this the kind return	-	b 74

K

KIND is the speech of *Christ* our Lord - a 73

L ADEN with guilt, and full of fears	-	b 119
Let all our tongues be one	-	c 9
Let everlasting glories crown	-	b 131
Let every mortal ear attend	-	a 7
Let God the Father live	-	c 28
Let him embrace my soul and prove	-	a 66
Let God the Maker's name	-	c 31
Let me but hear my Saviour say	-	a 15
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing	-	a 58
Let others boast how strong they be	-	b 19
Let <i>Pharisees</i> of high esteem	-	a 133
Let the old Heathens tune their songs	-	b 21
Let the seventh angel sound on high	-	a 65
Let the whole race of creatures lie	-	b 99
Let the wild leopards of the wood	-	b 160
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	-	b 35
Let us adore th' eternal Word	-	c 5
Life and immortal joys are given	-	b 125
Life is the time to serve the Lord	-	a 88
Lift up your eyes to th' heavenly seats	-	b 37
Like sheep we went astray	-	a 142
Lo, the destroying angel flies	-	b 155
Lo, the young tribes of <i>Adam</i> rise	-	a 50
Lo, what a glorious fight appears	-	a 21
Lo, what an entertaining fight	-	a 44
Long I have sat beneath the sound	-	b 165
Lord at thy Temple we appear	-	a 18

114	Lord, how divine thy comforts are	c	11
84	Lord, how secure and blest'd are they	b	57
168	Lord, how secure my conscience was	a	115
145	Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand	c	20
2	Lord, we adore thy vast designs	b	109
6	Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind	b	26
13	Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	a	111
54	Lord, what a feeble piece	a	37
18	Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace	b	16
29	Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	a	36
59	Lord, what a wretched land is this	b	53
30	Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll	b	5
24	Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord	a	46

M

a	9	MAN has a soul of vast desires	b	146
b	95	Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n	a	140
a	150	My dear Redeemer and my Lord	b	139
a	149	My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so	b	25
b	74	My God, how endless is thy love	a	81
		My God, my life, my love	b	93
a	73	My God, my portion, and my love	b	94
		My God permit me not to be	b	123
b	119	My God, the spring of all my joys	b	54
c	9	My God, what endless pleasures dwell	b	42
b	131	My heart, how dreadful hard it is	b	98
a	7	My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince	b	141
c	28	My soul, come meditate the day	b	61
a	66	My soul forsakes her vain delight	b	10
c	31	My thoughts on awful subjects roll	b	a
a	15	My thoughts surmount these lower skies	b	162
a	58			

N

b	19	NAKED as from the earth we came	a	5
a	133	Nature with all her powers shall sing	b	1
b	21	Nature with open volume stands	c	13
a	65	No, I'll repine at death no more	b	102
b	99	No, I shall envy them no more	b	56
b	160	No more, my God, I boast no more	a	109
b	35	Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	a	105
c	5	Nor all the blood of beasts	b	143
b	123	Not all the outward forms on earth	a	95
a	88	Not different food or different dress	a	126
b	37	Not from the dust affliction grows	a	83
a	142	Not the malicious or prophane	a	104
b	155	Not to condemn the sons of men	a	100
a	50	Not to the terrors of the Lord	b	152
a	21	Not with our mortal eyes	a	108
a	44	Now be the God of Israel blest	a	50
b	165	Now by the bowels of my God	a	130
a	19			

Now for a tune of lofty praise	b	41
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God	c	14
Now in the galleries of his grace	a	77
Now in the heat of youthful blood	a	91
Now let a spacious world arise	b	147
Now let our pains be all forgot	c	16
Now let the Father and the Son	c	34
Now let the Lord my Saviour smile	b	50
Now Satan comes with dreadful roar	b	157
Now shall my inward joys arise	a	39
Now to the Lord a noble song	b	47
Now to the Lord that makes us know	a	61
Now to the pow'r of God supreme	a	137

O

O For an overcoming faith	a	17
O! if my soul were form'd for woe	b	106
Oh! the Almighty Lord	b	80
Oh, the delights, the heav'nly joys	b	91
Often I seek my Lord by night	a	71
Once more, my soul, the rising day	b	6
Our days, alas! our mortal days	b	39
Our God! how firm his promise stands	b	40
Our sins, alas! how strong they be	b	86
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	a	60
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb	c	22

P

PLung'd in a gulph of dark despair	b	79
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid	b	60

R

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run	b	33
Raise your triumphant songs	b	104
Rise, rise my soul, and leave the ground	b	17

S

SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word	a	129
Salvation! O the joyful sound	b	88
See where the great incarnate God	a	45
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	a	82
Shall we go on to sin	a	106
Shall wisdom cry aloud	a	92
Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine	a	35
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	b	94
Sin has a thousand treacherous arts	b	150
Sin, like a venomous disease	b	151
Sing to the Lord that built the skies	b	13
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice	a	43
Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts	b	62
Sitting around our Father's board	c	23
So did the Hebrew prophet raise	a	112

of the first Lines.

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b 43	So let our lips and lives exprefs	a 132
c 14	So new-born babes desire the breast	a 143
a 77	Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears	b 77
a 91	Stoop down my thoughts, that use to rise	b 28
b 147	Straight is the way, the door is strait	b 161
c 16	T	
c 34	Terrible God, that reign'st on high	b 22
b 50	That awful day will surely come	b 107
b 157	Thee we adore, eternal name	b 55
a 39	The glories of my maker God	b 71
b 47	The God of mercy be ador'd	c 30
a 61	The King of glory sends his Son	b 136
a 137	The lands that long in darkness lay	a 13
a 17	The law by <i>Moses</i> came	a 118
b 106	The law commands and makes us know	b 121
b 80	The Lord declares his will	b 120
b 91	The Lord descending from above	b 126
a 71	The Lord Jehovah reigns	b 160
b 6	The Lord on high proclaims	a 85
b 39	The majesty of <i>Solomon</i>	b 113
b 40	The mem'ry of our dying Lord	c 15
b 86	The promise of my Father's love	c 3
a 60	The promise was divinely free	b 134
c 22	The true <i>Messiah</i> now appears	b 12
b 79	The voice of my Beloved sounds	a 69
b 60	The wond'ring world enquires to know	a 75
b 33	There is a house not made with hands	a 110
b 104	There is a land of pure delight	b 66
b 17	There was an hour when <i>Christ</i> rejoic'd	a 11
a 129	These glorious minds how bright they shine	a 41
b 88	This is the word of truth and love	b 138
a 45	Thou, whom my soul admires above	a 67
a 81	Thus did the sons of <i>Abraham</i> pass	b 127
a 106	Thus far the Lord has led me on	a 80
a 92	Thus saith the first, the great command	a 116
a 35	Thus saith the high and lofty One	a 87
b 94	Thus saith the Ruler of the skies	b 83
b 150	Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	a 121
b 153	Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord	a 93
b 13	Thy favours, Lord, surprize our souls	b 45
a 43	Time, what an empty vapour 'tis	b 58
b 62	'Tis by the faith of joys to come	b 120
c 23	'Tis from the treasures of his word	a 147
a 112	'Tis not the law of ten commands	b 124
	To God the Father, God the Son	c 32
	To God the only wise	a 51
	To God the Father's throne	c 40
	To him that chose us first	c 39

To our eternal God	c	41
'Twas by an order from the Lord	b	151
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	c	1
'Twas the commission of our Lord	a	52
V		
VAIN are the hopes the sons of men	a	94
Vain are the hopes that rebels place	a	99
Unshaken as the sacred hill	a	22
Up to the fields where angels lie	b	41
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	b	46
W		
WE are a garden wall'd around	a	74
We bless the prophet of the Lord	b	132
We sing th' amazing deeds	c	17
We sing the glories of thy love	a	56
Welcome sweet day of rest	b	14
Well, the Redeemer's gone	b	36
What different pow'rs of grace and sin	b	143
What equal honours shall we bring	a	63
What happy men or angels these	a	40
What mighty man, or mighty God	a	28
Whence doth our mournful thoughts arise	a	32
When I can read my title clear	b	65
When in the light of faith divine	b	101
When I survey the wond'rous cross	c	7
When we are rais'd from deep distress	a	55
When strangers stand and hear me tell	a	76
When the first parents of our race	b	78
When the great Builder arch'd the skies	b	24
Where are the mourners faith the Lord	b	154
Who can describe the joys that rise	a	101
Who has believ'd thy word	a	141
Who is this fair one in distress	a	78
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	a	14
Why does your face, ye humble souls	b	85
Why do ye mourn departing friends	b	3
Why is my heart so far from thee	b	20
Why should the children of a King	a	144
Why should this earth delight us so	b	164
Why should we start and fear to die	b	31
With chearful voice I sing	a	148
With holy fear and humble song	b	44
With joy we meditate the grace	a	125
Y		
YE angels round the throne	c	36
Ye sons of Adam vain and young	a	10
Z		
ZION rejoice, and Judah sing	b	11

c 41
b 151
c 1
a 52
2 94
a 99
a 22
b 41
b 46

H Y M N S,

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

a 74
b 132
c 17
a 56
b 14
b 36
b 143
a 63
a 40
a 28
a 32
b 65
b 101

B O O K I.

Collected from the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

H Y M N I. Common Metre.

*A new Song to the Lamb that was slain, Rev. v.
6, 8, 9---12.*

- c 7
a 55
a 76
b 78
b 24
b 154
a 101
a 141
a 78
a 14
b 85
b 3
b 20
a 144
b 164
b 31
a 148
b 44
a 125
c 38
a 18
b 11
- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book
And open ev'ry seal?

B

5 He

- 2
5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his hand, the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II. Long Metre.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**re the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the word ;
With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r all things were made ;
By him supported, all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or *Satan* fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms ;
'The word descends and dwells in clay,

Tha

That he may hold converse with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th'eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their blest abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of *Immanuel*.

HYMN III. Short Metre.

The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c.

1 **B**EHOLD! the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the won'drous virgin bears,
And *Jesus* is the child.

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him *David's* Throne.

3 O'er *Jacob* shall he reign
With a peculiar sway:
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go humble swains, said he,
"To *David's* city fly;
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

- 6 " With looks and hearts serene,
 " Go visit *Christ* your king ;
 And straight a flaming troop was seen ;
 The shepherds heard them sing :
- 7 " Glory to God on high !
 " And heav'nly peace on earth :
 " Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 " At the Redeemer's birth ! "
- 8 [In worship so divine
 Let saints employ their tongues,
 With the celestial hosts we join,
 And loud repeat their songs ;
- 9 " Glory to God on high !
 " And heav'nly peace on earth :
 " Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 " At our Redeemer's birth. "

HYMN IV. *Referred to the second Psalm.*

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Submission to Afflictive Providences, Job i. 21.

- 1 N A K E D as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave :
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
 He takes but what he gave.

- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then !
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N VI. Common Metre.

Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25---27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just ;
 And nature must decay :
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death the last of all his foes,
 Lies vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He cloaths them all afresh:
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy unknown grace,
 With pleasure and surprize.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

*The Invitation of the Gospel: or, Spiritual Food
and Cloathing, Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin:
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,

Deep

Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

- 9 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N VIII. Common Metre.

The Safety and Protection of the Church, Isa.
xxvi. 1---6.

- 1 **H** O W honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th'assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our king.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high
His arm shall bring them low :
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
 In that rejoicing hour ;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

*The Promises of the Covenant of Grace, Isa. lv.
 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 19. Ezek.
 xxxvi. 25, &c.*

- 1 I N vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind ;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve an hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
 With more substantial meat ;
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace ;
 He gives by cov'nant, and by oath
 The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains,
 In the dear fountain that his Son
 Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
 Tho' black as hell before ;
 Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward pow'rs again,
 His Spirit shall bedew our souls
 Like purifying rain.]

sa. lv.
Ezek.

uls

souls,

7 Our

- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away,
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasure of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law;
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. Short Metre.

The Blessedness of Gospel-Times: or, The Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles, Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!

Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight !

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The Humble enlightened, and carnal Reason humbled : or, The Sovereignty of Grace, Luke x. 21, 22.

1 **T**HERE was an hour when *Christ* rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
“ Father, I thank thee mighty God,
“ Lord of the earth, and heavens and seas.
2 “ I thank thy sov'reign power and love,
“ That crowns my doctrine with success ;
“ And makes the babes in knowledge learn
“ The heights, and breadths, and lengths of
“ grace.
3 “ But all this glory lies conceal'd
“ From men of prudence and of wit ;
“ The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
“ And their own pride resists the light.
4 “ Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
“ Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
“ 'Tis thy delight t'abase the proud,
“ And lay the haughty scorner low.
5 “ There's none can know the Father right,
“ But those that learn it from the Son ;
“ Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
“ But where the Father makes him known.”

- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Of his actions, or decrees.

H Y M N XII. Common Metre.

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.
- 2 "Father, I thank thy won'drous love,
"That hath revealed thy Son
"To men unlearn'd; and to babes
"Has made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
"Are hidden from the wise;
"While pride and carnal reas'nings join
"To swell and blind their eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace,
By his own sov'reign will.

H Y M N XIII. Long Metre.

*The Son of God incarnate: or, The Titles and
the Kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold the expected child appear!
What shall his names or titles be?
"The WONDERFUL, the COUNSELLOR."

- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th'eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.]
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid :
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 *Jesus*, the holy child, shall sit
High on his Father *David's* throne ;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

*The Triumph of Faith : or, Christ's unchange-
able Love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And mercy like, a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead !
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or what should tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conquerors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
 It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from *Christ*, our love.

H Y M N XV. Long Metre.

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength,
 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
 Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
 That *Christ*'s own pow'r may rest on me;
 When I am weak, then am I strong;
 Grace is my shield, and *Christ* my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So *Sampson* when his hair was lost;
 Met the *Philistines* to his cost;
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize,
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

*Hofanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix.
38, 40.*

- 1 *H*OSANNA to the royal Son
Of *David's* ancient line !
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of *David* here, we find,
And offspring, is the same ;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our *Immanuel's* name.
- 3 Bless'd He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n !
Hofannas of the highest strain
To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' *Hofanna* on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 *O* For an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
" Where is thy boasted victory, grave ?
" And where the monster's sting ?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death hath no sting beside :

The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
But *Christ*, my ransom, dy'd.

- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' *Christ* our living head.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord,
Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
For all the pious dead ; [claims
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

The Song of Simeon : or, Death made desirable ;
Luke ii. 27, &c.

- 1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here :
O make our joys the same !
With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arm
He clasp'd the holy child !

- 3 " Now I can leave this world, he cry'd ;
 " Behold thy servant dies :
 " I've seen thy great salvation, Lord ;
 " And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 " This is the light prepar'd to shine
 " Upon the *Gentile* lands ;
 " Thine *Isr'el's* glory, and her hope,
 " To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [*Jesus!* the vision of thy face
 Hath overpow'ring charms !
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If *Christ* be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart strings break,
 How sweet my minutes roll !
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.]

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

Spiritual Apparel, namely, The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation, Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 **A** W A K E, my heart, arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice ;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine ;
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear !

These

- These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the garments are!
 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
 And hope, and ev'ry grace:
 But *Jesus* spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.
 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
 By the great sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy pow'rs agree.

H Y M N XXI. Common Metre.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men,
 Rev. xxi. 1---4.

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are pass'd away,
 And the old rolling skies:
 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The *New Jerusalem* comes down
 Adorn'd with shining grace.
 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 "Mortals behold the sacred seat
 "Of your descending king!
 4 "The God of glory down to men
 "Removes his blest abode,
 "Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 "And he the loving God.
 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 "From ev'ry weeping eye;
 "And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears
 "And death itself shall die."

- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

XXII. and XXIII. *Referred to the 125th Psalm.*

HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner dying, Psal. xlix. 6, 9, Eccl.
 viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

- 1 IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
 And heap their shining dust in vain;
 Look down and scorn the humble poor,
 And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,
 Nor fright, nor bribe, approaching death
 From glitt'ring roofs, and downy beds.
- 3 The ling'ring the unwilling soul,
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell,
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
 Their bones without distinction lie,
 Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The Rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN XXV. Long Metre.

A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6---9.

- 1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
 Behold amidst th'eternal throne,
 A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 [Glory

Psalm.

Ecclesi.

Isaiah.

Isaiah.

Isaiah.

Isaiah.

- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne :
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-found
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone, they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."]
- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our King!"
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs :
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his father's throne!

HYMN XXVI. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ,
1 Pet. i. 3---5.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till *Christ* shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. Common Metre.

Assurance of Heaven: or, a Saint prepared to die
2 Tim. i. 6, 7, 8, 13

- 1 [D E A T H may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord

Finish'd

- Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n, for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th'appearance of his Son.
- 5 *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain:
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church, Isa. lxiii. 1---3, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state
Along the *Idumean* road,
Away from *Bozrah's* Gate?
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king;
" 'Tis I, the just, th'Almighty One,
" That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel's red;
And all thy vesture stain'd like those,
Who in the wine press tread?

4 "I by

- 4 " I by myself have trod the press,
 " And crush'd my foes alone;
 " My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
 " My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis *Edom's* blood that dyes my robes
 " With joyful scarlet stains;
 " The triumph that my raiment wears
 " Sprung from my bleeding veins.
- 6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
 " That dar'd insult my saints:
 " I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
 " An ear for their complaints."

H Y M N XXIX. Com. Met. *The 2d Part* : or,
The Ruin of Antichrist, Ver. 4—7

- 1 " I Lift my banner, faith the Lord,
 " Where antichrist has stood:
 " The city of my gospel foes
 " Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has study'd just revenge,
 " And now the day appears;
 " The day of my redeem'd is come,
 " To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
 " And bids my fury go:
 " Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 " And be as fatal too.
- 4 " I call for helpers, but in vain;
 " Then has my gospel none?
 " Well, mine own arm has might enough
 " To crush my foes alone.
- 5 " Slaughter, and my devouring sword
 " Shall walk the streets around,
 " *Babel*

" *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,
 " And stagger to the ground."

- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King !
 Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

H Y M N XXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for Deliverance answered, Is. xxvi. 8--20.

- 1 I N thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace;
 Our souls desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
 My earnest cries salute the skies
 Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God ;
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky,
 A mighty voice before him goes,
 A voice of music to his friends,
 But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 Till the fierce storms be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,
 While heav'nly peace around my flock
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

H Y M N

HYMN XXXI. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27—30.

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive,
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI.
XXXVII. XXXVIII. *Referred to Pl. cxxxi.
cxxxiv. lxxvii. lxxiii. xc. and lxxxiv.*

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

God's tender Care of his Church, Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;

Almighty

Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

- 2 God on his thirsty Zion-hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
"And mothers monsters prove,
"Sion still dwells upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame.

HYMN XL. Long Metre.

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints,
Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 "WHAT happy men or angels these,
"That all their robes are spotless
white?
"Whence did this glorious troop arrive,
"At the pure realms of heav'nly light?
- 2 From tort'rings racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came:

But

- But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from *Christ* the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th'Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas, night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Measure their bless'd eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone;
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
Thro' the vast round of endless years;
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace,
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

HYMN XLI. Com. Metre. *The same* : or
The Martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright
they shine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy seats
"Of everlasting day?"
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In *Jesus*' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.

- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Among his saints reside,
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast;
 The fruit of life's immortal tree,
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
 Where living fountains rise,
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Divine Wrath and Mercy; from Nah. i. 1, &c

- 1 **A**DORE, and tremble, for our God
 Is a *Consuming Fire**;
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
 And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance! how it burns!
 How bright his fury glows!
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms,
 Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees,
 Are forced into a flame;
 But kindled, O, how fierce they blaze,
 And rend all nature's frame!
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
 And seek a wat'ry grave;
 The frightened sea makes haste away,
 And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
 Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:

* Heb. xii. 26.

Who

Whodare engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

- 6 Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace,
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings,
A fiery tempest pour;
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN XLIII. *Referred to the 100th Psalm.*

HYMN XLIV. *Referred to the 133d Psalm.*

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

- 1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne!
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last Judgment down.
- 2 ["I am the first, and I the last,
"Thro' endless years the same;
"I AM is my memorial still,
"And my eternal name.
- 3 "Such favours as a God can give,
"My royal grace bestows:
"Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams,
Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 ["The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
"I'll own him for a son;
"The whole creation shall reward
"The conquest he has won.
- 5 "But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
"And all the lying race,
- "The

- “The faithless and the scoffing crew,
 “That spurn at offer’d grace;
 6 “They shall be taken from my sight,
 “Bound fast in iron chains,
 “And headlong plung’d into the lake,
 “Where fire and darkness reigns.”]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled!
 And hear the judge pronounce my name,
 With blessings on my head!
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell,
 Who here were my delight,
 While sinners, banish’d down to hell,
 No more offend my sight.

HYMN XLVI. and XLVII. *Referred to Psalm*
148, and 3.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

The Christian Race, Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls (away our fears,
 Let ev’ry trembling thought be gone)
 Awake and run the heav’nly race,
 And put a chearful courage on.
- 2 True, ’tis a straight and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow’r
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;

While

“The

- While such as trust their native strength,
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

The Works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
 Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are?
 Who would not love the Lamb!
 2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
 Our prophet and our king;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.
 3 In the Red Sea by *Moses*' hand,
 Th'*Egyptian* host was drown'd;
 But his own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.
 4 When thro' the desert *Isr'el* went,
 With manna they were fed;
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
 And calls it living bread.
 5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place;
 But *Christ* shall bring his followers home
 To see his Father's face.
 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist: or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

- 1 NOW be the God of *Isr'el* blest'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old *David's* root,
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [*John* was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.
- 5 "Behold the Lamb of God he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
"On his baptizing day.]
- 6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.
- 7 "The *Heathen* realms with *Isr'el's* land
"Shall join in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold

- 8 "Behold the morning star arise,
 "Ye that in darkness sit;
 "He marks the path that leads to peace,
 "And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

Persevering Grace, Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies,
 Their humble praises sing.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed,
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known:
- 5 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. Long Metre.

Baptism, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **'T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations, and baptize;"
 The nations have receiv'd the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.

- 2 He sits upon th'eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant *British* lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good spirit from our God,
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three,
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

H Y M N LIII. Long Metre.

The Holy Scriptures, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15,
16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old.
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
- 4 Ye *British* isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

38.
d,
tize;"

2 He

HYMN LIV. Long Metre.

Electing Grace: or, Saints beloved in Christ.
Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners, through his Son.
- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in *Christ* our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With *Christ* our Lord, we share our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Hezekiah's Song: or, Sickness and Recovery.
Isa. xxxvii. 9, &c.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From *Hezekiah's* tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,

If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t'abuse
Our minds with slavish fears ;
“ Our days are past, and we shall lose
“ The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands ;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frames restore :
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

*The Song of Moses and the Lamb: or, Babylon
falling, Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.*

WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name ;
The christian church unites the songs
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

Great God, how wond'rous are thy works,
Of vengeance and of grace !

Thou king of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways !

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne ?

Thy judgments speak thine holiness,
Thro' all the nations known.

- 4 Great *Babylon*, that rules the earth,
 Drunk with the martyr's blood,
 Her crimes shall speedily awake
 The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
 And she must drink the dregs;
 Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,
 And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. Common Metre.

Original Sin: or, The First and Second Adam,
 Rom. v. 12, &c. Psal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
 On our original;
 How is our nature dash'd and broke
 In our first father's fall.
- 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
 But prone to all that's ill;
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
 How obstinate our will!
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
 Before we draw our breath;
 The first young pulse begins to beat
 Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood
 The old corruption reigns;
 And, mingling with the crooked flood,
 Wanders thro' all our veins.]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
 Will all the branches be;
 How can we hope for living fruit
 From such a deadly tree?

- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God ! thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While *Christ* and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second *Adam* shall restore
The ruins of the first ;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new-creates our dust !

HYMN LVIII. Long Metre.

*The Devil vanquished : or, Michael's War with
the Dragon, Rev. xii. 7.*

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n when *Michael* stood
Chief general of th'eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail :
In vain they rage, in vain they boast ;
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail:
Down to the earth was *Satan* thrown ;
Down to the earth his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r ;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb!
 Thine armies trod the tempter down;
 'Twas by thy word, and pow'rful name,
 They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns! let ev'ry star
 Shine with new glories round the sky;
 Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
 Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. Long Metre

Babylon fallen, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N *Gabriel's* hand a mighty stone
 Lies, a fair type of *Babylon*:
 "Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
 "God shall avenge your long complaints."
- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
 He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
 "Thus terribly shall *Babel* fall,
 "Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

The Virgin Mary's Song: or, *The promised Messiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord;
 In God the Saviour we rejoice:
 While we repeat the virgin's song,
 May the same spirit tune our voice!
- 2 [The highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done;
 His over-shadowing pow'r and grace
 Makes her the mother of his Son,
- 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
 And endless years prolong her fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd;
 Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure :
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to *Abra'm* and his seed,
" In thee shall all the earth be blest'd :"
The mem'ry of that ancient word,
Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 But now no more shall *Isr'el* wait,
No more the *Gentiles* lie forlorn :
Lo, the desire of nations comes,
Behold, the promis'd seed is born.

H Y M N LXI. Long Metre.

Christ our High Priest and King: and Christ
coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5—7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood :
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To *Jesus* our atoning priest,
To *Jesus* our superior king,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord! nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

Christ Jesus *the Lamb of God, worshipped by all
the Creation*, Rev. v. 11---13.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
“Worthy the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus:”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow’r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

Christ’s *Humiliation and Exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

- 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy

by all

es,

ry,

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar;
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, *Amen*.

HYMN LXIV. Short Metre.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1. &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd

On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
'Tis no surprizing thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.
Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

y. v. 12.

ing
Lamb,

Worthy

C 3

4 A hope

- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As *Christ* the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of the Lord: or, The Day of Judgment, Rev. xi. 15

- 1 **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of veng'ance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

Christ the King at his Table, Cant. i. 2---5, 12,
13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
My int'rest in his heav'nly love :
The voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee, th'anointing Spirit came,
And spread the favour of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace,
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 *Jesus*, allure me by thy charms ;
My soul shall fly into thine arms
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys ;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Tho' in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar's* tents appear ;
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.
- 6 [While at the table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breath like spikenard round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying *Christ* to me ;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
Thy bosom, Lord, shall be my rest.

- 3 [No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare ;
And here we wait until thy love,
Raise us to nobler seats of above.

HYMN LXVII. Long Metre.

Seeking the Pasture of Christ, the Shepherd,
Cant. i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth the sweetest pasture grow ?
2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3 Why should thy bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The Banquet of Love, Cant. ii. 1—4. 6, 7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the rose of *Sharon* here,
The lilly which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

2 Amongst

- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine,
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat:
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head,
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

H Y M N LXIX. Long Metre.

Christ *appearing to his Church, and seeking her*
Company, Cant. ii. 8—13.

- 1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks, and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now, thro' the vale of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
- C 5
- " Rise

- " Rise, faith my Lord make haste away ;
 " No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
 4 " The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 " The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
 " The sacred turtle dove we hear
 " Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
 5 " Th'immortal vine, the heav'nly root,
 " Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
 6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
 " Rise up, my love, make haste away ! "
 Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

Christ inviting, and the Church answering the Invitation, Cant. ii. 14. 16, 17.

- 1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high
 Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh :
 From caves of darkness and of doubt,
 He gently speaks, and calls us out :
 2 " My dove, who hidest in the rock,
 " Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
 " Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
 " And let thy voice delight mine ear.
 3 " Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;
 " My graces in thy count'nance meet ;
 " Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
 " 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
 4 Dear Lord our thankful heart receives
 The hope thine invitation gives ;
 To thee our joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer and of praise.]

5 [I am

- 5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

*Christ found in the Street, and brought to the
Church, Cant. iii. 1—5.*

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night ;
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight ;
With warm desire, and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
“ Where did you see my soul's delight ? ”
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home ;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come

- To *Sion's* sacred chambers, where
 My soul first drew the vital air.
 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
 Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart :
 I give my soul to him, and there
 Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
 Approach not to disturb my joys ;
 Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
 Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the
 Church, Cant. iii. 11.*

- 1 DAUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
 The crown of honour and of gold,
 Which the glad church with joys unknown,
 Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.
 2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King !
 Accept the tribute which we bring ;
 Accept the well deserv'd renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
 Like the dear hour, when from above
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
 4 The gladness of that happy day !
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
 5 Each following minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb!

- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day !
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ, Cant.
iv. i. 10, 11. 7, 9, 8.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of *Christ* our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;
"Lo, thou art fair, my love !" he cries ;
"Not the young doves, have sweeter eyes.
- 2 " [Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ;
"I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair ;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister, and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
"In strong delight, and pleasing chains."
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men,
To *Sion*, where his glories are ;
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

HYMN LXXIV. Long Metre.

*The Church the Garden of Christ, Cant, iv. 12.
14, 15, and v. 1.*

- 1 **WE** are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend, and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour-God;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast;
"I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 "Eat of the tree of Life, my friends,
"The blessings that my Father sends;

' Your

"Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
"And drink abundance of my love."

- 8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can give.]

HYMN LXXV. Long Metre.

*The Description of Christ, the Beloved, Cant. v. 9,
10, 11, 12. 14, 15, 16.*

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my *Jesus* so;
"What are his charms, say they, above
"The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red, with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun among ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells:
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold:
Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me.

- 7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies ;
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers its fainting fairs :
His countenance more graceful is,
Than *Lebanon* with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be lov'd, and yet ador'd :
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN LXXVI. Long Metre.

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth,
Cant. vi. 1, 2, 3. 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell :
Where he is gone, they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light in worlds unknown :
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand :
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lillies shew their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move :

I have

I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.]

3 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shews me where his glories are;
No chariots of *Aminadab*
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.]

H Y M N LXXVII. Long Metre.

*The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language
to her, and Provisions for her, Cant. vii. 5, 6.
9. 12, 13.*

1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight!
"My love, how pleasant for delight!"

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth, a stream divine
Flows, sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN LXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's
Jealousy of her own, Cant. viii. 5, 6, 7. 13, 14.*

- 1 **W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans ?
- 2 This is the spouse of *Christ* our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.
- 3 " O let my name engraven stand
" Both on thy heart, and on thy hand ;
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
" That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 " Stronger than death thy love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown;
" And hell and earth in vain combine,
" To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my heart,
" Lest it should once from thee depart ;
" Then let thy name be well impress'd
" As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 " Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come ;
" Thy count'nance let me often see,
" And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 " Come, my Beloved, haste away,
" Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
" Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
" Over the hills where spices grow.

HYMN

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H Y M N LXXIX. Long Metre.

A Morning Hymn, Ps. xix. 5. 8. & lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the East,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way!
- 4 [But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

H Y M N LXXX. Long Metre.

An Evening Hymn, Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow of my head ;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the hour of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

*A Song for Morning or Evening, Lam. iii. 23.
Isa. xlv. 7.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N LXXXII. Long Metre.

God far above all Creatures: or, Man vain and mortal, Job iv. 17—21.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
 Contend with their Creator, God?
 Shall mortal worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
 Of all the spirits round his throne;
 Their natures, when compar'd with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they,
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
 We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
 We die by thousands in thy sight:
 Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
 Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
 How frail are we! how glorious thou!
 No more the sons of earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

H Y M N LXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Afflictions and Death under Providence, Job. v.
 6—8.*

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance;
 Yet we are born to cares and woes;
 A sad inheritance!
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne;
 So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.

- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promis'd grace :
 He rules me by his well-known laws
 Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
 Shall spoil my future peace :
 For death and hell can do no more
 Than what my Father please.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ,
 Isa. xlv. 21—25.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let *Israel* hear,
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims,
 His sov'reign honours and his names :
- 2 "I am the last, and I the first,
 "The Saviour-God, and God the just ;
 "There's none beside, pretends to shew
 "Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 "[Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
 "Just on the verge of death and hell,
 "Look up to me from distant lands,
 "Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands,
- 4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
 "Nor shall the word in vain return,
 "To me shall all things bend the knee,
 "And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 "In me alone shall men confess
 "Lies all their strength and righteousness ;
 "But such as dare despise my name,
 "I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
 "Of *Isr'el* from their sins be freed,
 "And by their shining graces prove
 "Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

H Y M N LXXXV. *The same.* Short Metre.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne ;
“ Mercy and justice are the names
“ By which I will be known.
- 2 “ Ye dying souls, that sit
“ In darkness and distress,
“ Look from the borders of the pit
“ To my recov’ring grace.”
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own,
“ Our righteousness and strength is found
“ In thee, the Lord, alone.”
- 4 In thee shall *Isr’el* trust,
And see their guilt forgiv’n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav’n.

H Y M N LXXXVI. Common Metre.

God *Holy, Just, and Sovereign*, Job ix. 2—10

- 1 HOW shall the sons of *Adam*’s race
Be pure before their God ?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I’ll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
- Strong is his arm, his heart is wise
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker’s hand to rise,
Or tempt th’ unequal war ?
[Mountains by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;

He

- He shakes the earth, from South to North,
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th'obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on his stormy wind;
There's none can trace the wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. Long Metre.

God *dwells with the Humble and Penitent*, Isa.
lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
“ I sit upon my holy throne;
“ My name is God; I dwell on high;
“ Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below;
“ On earth I have a mansion too;
“ The humble spirit and contrite,
“ Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 “ The humble soul my words revive;
“ I bid the mourning sinner live;
“ Heal all the broken hearts I find,
“ And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 “ [When I contend against their sin,
“ I make them know how vile they've been;
“ But should my wrath for ever smoke,
“ Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.”
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve,
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope, Ecc. ix. 4--6, 10?

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n,
To'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no devise nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

H Y M N LXXXIX. Long Metre.

Youth and Judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire:

2 Pursue

- Pursue the pleasure you design,
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
 Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
 There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
 His book records your secret faults;
 The words of darkness you have done,
 Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The veng'ance to your follies due,
 Should strike your hearts with terror thro';
 How will you stand before his face,
 Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God turn off their eyes
 From these alluring vanities;
 And let the thunder of thy word
 Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

H Y M N X C. *The same.* Common Metre.

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of *Adam* rise,
 And thro' all nature rove,
 Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
 And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;
 But let the sinners know,
 The strict account that God requires
 Of all the works they do.
- 3 The judge prepares his throne on high,
 The frighted earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test!
 I'd give all mortal joys away,
 To be for ever blest.

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HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

Advice to Youth : or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted State, Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

- 1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, *My joys are gone.*
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name :
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN XCII. Short Metre.

Christ the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1, 22-32.

- 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 " I was his chief delight,
" His everlasting Son,
" Before the first of all his works,
" Creation was begun.
- 3 " [Before the flying clouds,
" Before the solid land,
" Before the fields, before the floods,
" I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 " When

- 4 "When he adorn'd the skies,
 "And built them, I was there,
 "To order when the sun should rise,
 "And marshal ev'ry star.
- 5 "When he pour'd out the sea,
 "And spread the flowing deep;
 "I gave the flood a firm decree,
 "In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 "Upon the empty air,
 "The earth was balanc'd well;
 "With joy I saw the mansion where
 "The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 "My busy thoughts at first,
 "On their salvation ran,
 "Ere sin was born, or *Adam's* dust,
 "Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 "Then come, receive my grace,
 "Ye children, and be wise;
 "Happy the man that keeps my ways;
 "The man that shuns them, dies."

HYMN XCIII. Long Metre.

Christ, or *Wisdom obeyed or resisted*, Prov. viii.

34—36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
 "Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
 "Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 "And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 "Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain:
 "Immortal life is his reward,
 "Life, and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
 "Doth his own soul an injury;
 "Fools, that against my grace rebel,
 "Seek death, and love the road to hell."

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HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

Justification by Faith, not by Works: or, The Law condemns, Grace justifies, Rom. iii. 16—22.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew or Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word
And the whole race of Adam stand,
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Regeneration, John i. 13. & iii. 3, &c.

- NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race
The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,

New

- New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise,
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N XCVI. Common Metre.

Election excludes Boasting, 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace !
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God ;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne ;
No flesh shall in its presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

H Y M N XCVII. Long Metre.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till *Christ* restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears ;

Ther

- Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 *Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVIII. *The same.* Short Metre.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till *Christ*, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But, in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

*Stones made the Children of Abraham : or, Grace
not conveyed by religious Parents, Mat. iii. 9.*

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race ;
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of *Abra'am* well
With new created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness ;
The world obey'd and came.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—18.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did *Christ* the Son of God appear ;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

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HYMN CI. Long Metre.

*Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner, Luke xv.
7. 10.*

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve,
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees,
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

HYMN CII. Long Metre:

The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3—12.

- 1 **[B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of *Christ*, *divinely* flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;

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- They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams, and living bread.]
- 5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From *Christ* the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for *Jesus'* sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN CHH. Common Metre.

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross:
- 2 *Jesus*, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the *New Jerusalem*
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CIV. Common Metre.

A State of Nature and of Grace, 1 Cor. iv. 10, 11.

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NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud ;
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

Surprising grace ! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

But we are wash'd in *Jesus'* blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name ;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands !
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

*Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev.
xxi. 27.*

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NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive,
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVI. Short Metre.

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since *Christ* has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

The Fall and Recovery of Man: or, Christ and Satan at Enmity, Gen. iii. 1. 15. 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father fell,

When *Satan*, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threatening: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

6 But *Satan* found a worse reward;
Thus saith the veng'ance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

"The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

[He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on;—at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

HYMN CVIII. Short Metre.

Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

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3 And

- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

H Y M N C I X. Long Metre.

*The Value of Christ and his Righteousness, Phil.
iii. 7—9.*

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for *Jesus'* sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

H Y M N C X. Common Metre.

Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor. v. 1. 5—8

- 1 THERE is an house not made with hands
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
"Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;

The

Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

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We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

[**L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

5-8
hands

['Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.]

'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

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- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

The Brazen Serpent: or, Looking to Jesus, John
iii. 14—15.

- 1 SO did the *Hebrew* prophet raise
The brazen serpent high:
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But *Christ* performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The *Jew* beholds a glorious hope,
Th'expiring *Gentile* lives.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles, Gen. xv
7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 HOW large the promise! how divine,
To *Abra'am*: and his seed!

" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 " Supplying all their need."
 2 The words of his extensive love,
 From age to age endure ;
 The angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessings sure.
 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great fathers giv'n ;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
 Our God ! how faithful are his ways !
 His love endures the same :
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out his children's name.

HYMN CXIV. *The same.* Rom. xi. 16, 17.
 Common Metre.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive wood ;
 Grace took us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.
 2. With the same blessing grace endows
 The *Gentile* and the *Jew* ;
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.
 Then let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God ;
 3. Pour out thy Spirit on them Lord !
 And wash them in thy blood.
 Thus to the parents and their seed,
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last,
 In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead!
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were vain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry, with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God and our Neighbour, Matt. x

37-40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great comma
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite

- " To love thy Maker and thy God,
 " With utmost vigour and delight.
 2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 " Share thine affections and esteem,
 " And let thy kindness to thyself,
 " Measure and rule thy love to him."
 3 This is the sense that *Moses* spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
 4 But O! how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix. 21, &c.

- 1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.
 2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]
 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high,
 Dispense his favours as he will;
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?
 4 [What, if to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suff'ring vile rebels to go on
 And seal their own destruction sure?

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5 What,

- 5 What, if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys ?]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word,
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known ;
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN CXVIII. Short Metre.

Moses and Christ: or, *Sins against the Law and Gospel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE law by *Moses* came;
But peace and truth and love,
Were brought by *Christ* (a nobler name)
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But *Christ* a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.

- 4 The man that durst despise
The Law that *Moses* brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But forer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,
And dare resist his grace.

H Y M N CXIX. Common Metre.

The different Success of the Gospel, 1 Cor. i. 23,
24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the *Jew's* esteem,
And folly to the *Greek*.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word:
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love
Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain *Apollos* sows the ground,
And *Paul* may plant in vain.

H Y M N CXX. Common Metre.

Faith of Things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made,
By God's almighty word ;
Abra'am, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands ;
And faith assures us tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. Common Metre.

*Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10.
Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.*

(For those who practise Infant Baptism).

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
" I'll be a God to thee ;
" I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
" Shall be a seed for me."
- 2 *Abra'am* believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God ;
But water seals the blessings now,
That once were seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !
Thine ancient truths embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace

HYMN

H Y M N CXXII. Long Metre.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 3, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did *Christ* arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or *Satan* reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
'The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

H Y M N CXXIII. Common Metre.

The repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands
"My father's house has large supplies,
"And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face:
"Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take of his cloaths of shame and sin,"
(The father gives command)
" Dress him in garments white and clean,
" With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain ;
" Let mirth and joy abound ;
" My son was dead, and lives again,
" Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

- 1 DEEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
Great God we own th'unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.
- 2 Adam, the sinner : at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all :
A thousand new born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man,
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran ;

And

And by one man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

- 6 Where sin did reign and death abound,
There have the sons of *Adam* found
Abounding life; there, glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord, our righteousness.]

HYMN CXXV. Common Metre.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted, Heb.
iv. 15, 16. *and* v. 7. *Matt.* xii. 20.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv. 17, 19.

1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 NOT diff'rent Food, nor diff'rent dress,
 Compose the kingdom of our Lord ;
 But Peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,
 We do the gospel mighty wrong :
 For God, the gracious and the wise,
 Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
 Meekness and love our souls pursue ;
 Nor shall our practice give offence
 To saints, the *Gentile*, or the *Jew*.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

*Christ's Invitation to Sinners : or, Humility and
 Pride, Matt. xi. 28—30.*

- 1 " COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 " Ye heavy laden sinners come :
 " I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 " And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me,
 " I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 " But passion rages like the sea,
 " And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 " My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 " My yoke is easy to his neck,
 " My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 *Jesus*, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign

Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

H Y M N CXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Apostles' Commission: or, The Gospel attested
by Miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii.
18, &c.*

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
" He shall be sav'd that trusts my word ;
" He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 " [I'll make your great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my gospel true,
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go cast out devils in my name ;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Tho' Greeks reproach, & Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 " Teach all the nations my commands ;
" I'm with you till the world shall end ;
" All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
" I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode :
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

H Y M N CXXIX. Long Metre.

*Submission and Deliverance: or, Abraham offer-
ing his Son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

- 1 S AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

- 2 So *Abra'am* with obedient hand
 Led forth his son at God's command ;
 The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
 His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 "*Abra'am*, forbear," the angel cry'd ;
 "Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
 "Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 "Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
 The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprizing grace.

HYMN CXXX. Long Metre.

Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

- 1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
 By his last groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, be gone,
 Envy, and spite, for ever cease ;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,
 Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts ;
 Thro' all our lives let mercy run ;
 So God forgives our num'rous faults,
 For the dear sake of *Christ* his Son.

H Y M N CXXXI. Long Metre.

The Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with list'd hands ;
That, boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N CXXXII. Long Metre.

Holiness and Grace, Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii, 2—7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she indures the wrong.]
- 4 [She nor desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love, 1 Cor xiii. 1—9.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jeaus*,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all our hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

*The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart,
Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our heart with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, & length
Of thine unmeasureable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' *Christ* his Son,

HYMN

HYMN CXXXVI. Common Metre.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy : or, Formality in Worship,
John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre:

Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours giv'n ;
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties, or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in *Christ* his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

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- 4 *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies ! and in that dreadful night,
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Saints in the Hands of Christ, John x. 28, 29.

ays,

, 10.

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in *Jesus's* hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast :
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

H Y M N CXXXIX. Long Metre.

*Hope in the Covenant : or, God's Promise and
Truth unchangeable, Heb. vi. 17—19.*

Jesus

- 1 H O W oft have sin and *Satan* strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God !
But everlasting is thy love,
And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;
Eternal

- Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God,
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

*A living and a dead Faith ; collected from several
Scriptures.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights ;
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To *Christ* the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love :
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean ;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

H Y M N CXLI. Short Metre.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ, Isa. liii.

1—5. 10---12.

veral

av'n,

WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known ?
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

The *Jews* esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief :
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn ;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*,
And *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.

" But I'll prolong his days,
" And make his kingdom stand ;
" My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
" Shall prosper in his hand.

" [His joyful soul shall see
" The purchase of his pain,

When

I

" And

“ And by his knowledge justify
 “ The guilty sons of men.]

7 “ [Ten thousand captive slaves,
 “ Releas’d from death and sin,
 “ Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
 “ And own his pow’r divine.]

8 “ [Heav’n shall advance my Son
 “ To joys that earth deny’d ;
 “ Who saw the follies men had done,
 “ And bore their sins, and dy’d.]”

HYMN CXLII. *The same*, Isa. liii. 6--12. S. M.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God,
 Each wand’ring in a diff’rent way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wand’rings laid,
 And did at once his veng’ance pour
 Upon the Shepherd’s head.
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When *Christ* sustain’d the stroke !
 His life, and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for his flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
 Were taken both away ;
 Join’d with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
 O’er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num’rous seed
 To recompense his pain.
- 6 “ I’ll give him,” saith the Lord,
 “ A portion with the strong ;

“ He

“ He shall possess the large reward,
“ And hold his honours long.”

H Y M N CXLIII. Common Metre.

*Characters of the Children of God, from several
Scriptures.*

- 1 SO new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates !
They love the man their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flatt’ring baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust :
They can’t forget their heav’nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice ;
Faith, like a conqu’ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow’rs they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at ev’ry hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quick’ning pow’r,
And joys that never fail.

- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace,
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face.
- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

*The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit, Rom. viii. 14,
16. Eph. 1. 13, 14.*

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

H Y M N CLXV. Common Metre.

Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 *J*ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of *Aaron* wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race :
Thy never-changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But *Christ*, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]
- 7 *Jesus*, the King of Glory, reigns
On *Sion's* heav'nly hill ;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

H Y M N

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate Things in Scripture.

- 1 **G**O worship at *Immanuel's* feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord ! our souls would thus be fed :
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree ? the world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves :
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is *David's* root, and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose ? not *Sharon* yields
Such fragrance in all her fields :
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine ? his heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O let a lasting union join
My soul to *Christ* the living vine !]
- 7 [Is he a head ? each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain ? there I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :

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These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? he'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

11 [Is he a way? he leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in,
Behold the pastures large and green;
A Paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

h, 13 [Is he design'd the corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
When e'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

15 [Is he a star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

16 [Is he a sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

17 O let

- 17 O let mec limb those higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise
 There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
 His beauties we can never trace,
 'Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. Long Metre.

*The Names and Titles of Christ, from several
 Scriptures.*

- 1 ['TIS from the treasures of his word,
 I borrow titles for my Lord;
 Nor art nor nature can supply
 Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
 Shining with undiminish'd rays;
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, and Lord most high,
 Writes his own name upon his thigh:
 He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
 And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
 The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
 Awakes his wrath without delay,
 And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
 What winning titles he assumes?
 "Light of the world, and Life of men;"
 Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart
 He acts the Mediator's part;

A Friend

- A Friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII. *The same as the cxlviiiith Ps.*

- 1 [WITH chearful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright,
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.]
- 3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd "The Word of God,"
He rules the earth with iron rod.
- 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath without delay
As lions roar and tear their prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes;

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His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII. *The same as the cxlviiiith Ps.*

- 1 [WITH chearful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word.
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright,
With mild and lovely rays.
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.]
3 The sov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd "The Word of God,"
He rules the earth with iron rod.
4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath without delay
As lions roar and tear their prey.
5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes;

What

What gentle characters,
 What titles he assumes !
 " Light of the world, and life of men,"
 Nor will he bear those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
 In our *Immanuel's* heart,
 When he descends to act
 A Mediator's part.

He is a Friend, and Brother too ;
 Divinely kind divinely true.

7 At length the Lord the Judge
 His awful throne ascends,
 And drives the rebels far
 From favourites and friends.

Then shall the saints completely prove
 The heights and depths of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
 That ever men or angels bore,
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
 He takes to teach us heav'nly grace !
 My eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The " Angel of the cov'nant" stands
 With his commission in his hands,
 Sent from his Father's milder throne,
 To make his great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet let me bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful tidings came

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- Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]
- 5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side :
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !
- 6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus my great High-Priest has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by ;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds
The "Captain of salvation" leads ;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 12 Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe ; for *Christ* displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

HYMN CL. *The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy
 And wonder see
 What forms of love
 He bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands;
 Commission'd from
 His Father's throne,
 To make his grace
 To mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless thy name!
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd,
 And peace with heav'n.]

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5 [Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.

O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way !]

6 [I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender Lambs.]

[To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set ;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

[Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offered his blood and dy'd ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His powerful blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

[My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;

The

The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell,
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart
His love away.]

- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I fit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

- 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble faint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For *Christ* displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

A Song in

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SPIRITUAL SONGS,

BOOK II.

Composed on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

A Song in Praise to GOD, from Great Britain.

NATURE with all her pow'r shall sing
God the Creator and the King :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
[Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.]
[All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours, and our joys.]
[To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave ;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]
[This *Northern* isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand :

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Our

- Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And own the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the *British* throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna, from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 [Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

HYMN II. Common Metre.

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay;
Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

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Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains ;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well incur'd his love !

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move ?

Or should we with the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?

Where the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,
And left a long perfume.

He graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed :

E 2

Where

- Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying head ?
 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.
 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN IV. Long Metre.

Salvation in the Cross.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus ! nor shall it e'er remove.
 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
 With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
 Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
 Should hell with all its legions rise.
 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Moveless and firm this heart should lie :
 Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
 If I must perish, there to die.
 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
 Nor *Satan* dares my soul invade.
 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying God,
 And my best honours to his name.

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HYMN V. Long Metre.

Longing to praise Christ better.

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll,
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;
When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;
My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that *Gabriel* sings.
But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall beneath thy victories.
Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

A Morning Song.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun;
And yet thou lengthen'st out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

An Evening Song.

- 1 [DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Thro' all the dangers of the day;
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?

- How are my follies multiply'd,
 Fast as my minutes roll !
 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

An Hymn for Morning or Evening.

HOSANNA, with a chearful sound,
 To God's upholding hand ;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
 That was a most amazing pow'r
 That rais'd us with a word,
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
 We lean upon the Lord.
 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room ;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 That was not made our tomb.
 The rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day ;
 For death stands ready at the door
 To take our lives away.
 Our breath is forfeited by sin
 To God's avenging law ;
 We own thy grace immortal King,
 In ev'ry gasp we draw.

- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood!]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

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HYMN X. Common Metre.

Parting with carnal Joys.

- 1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell;
 Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
 And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
 Nor seek your friendship more;
 The happiness that I approve,
 Is not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
 That suits my large desire;
 To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
 My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
 From sin and dross refin'd,
 Still springing from the throne of God,
 And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th'Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
 The glorious and the great,
 Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
 To make our bliss compleat.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd climb the heav'nly road;
 There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
 And there my smiling God.

HYMN XI. *The same.* Long Metre.

- 1 I Send the joys of earth away,
 Away ye tempters of the mind;
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind,

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2 Your

- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyfs;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior blifs.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 **T**HE true *Messiah* now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smocking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 *Aaron* must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to shew
The wonders of his love;

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For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have dy'd ;"
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

H Y M N XIII. Long Metre.

*The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Re-
storation of this World.*

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in ;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

H Y M N XIV. Short Metre.

The Lord's Day : or, Delight in Ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;

- Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day :
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XV. Long Metre.

The Enjoyment of Christ : or, Delight in Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear *Jesus*, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand ;
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace ;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

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- 5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XVI. *Part the Second.*

- 7 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passion to a flame !
Lord, how we love thy charming name !
- 8 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 9 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 11 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees :
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 12 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

God's Eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry toneful sound
To praise th'eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or *Adam* form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide o'er minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 4 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come:
The creatures! look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th'old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The king of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

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* Luke i

- 2 "Go, faith the Lord*, my *Gabriel*, go,
 "Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
 "Make haste†, ye cherubs, down below,
 "Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."
- 3 Here a bright Squadron † leaves the skies,
 And thick around *Elisha* stands;
 Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
 And breaks the chains from *Peter's* || hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of host,
 Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
 Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
 Let angels be our convoy too.
- 5 Are they not all thy servants§, Lord?
 At thy command they go and come;
 With chearful haste obey thy word,
 And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death, nor danger fear;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone:
 Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.
 || Acts xii. 7. § Heb. i. 14.

- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name,
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and strait our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
"Let blood" said he "flow round the veins;"
And round the veins it flows.]
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breath no more.

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

*Backslidings and Returns : or, The Inconstancy of
our Love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose,
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,

Intrude

- Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]
- 9 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]
- 9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chace of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the gaol,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear center of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

- 1 LET the old *Heathens* tune their song
Of great *Diana*, and of *Jove*;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulph, where *Satan* lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

E 9

3 How

- 3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

With God is terrible Majesty.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And *Satan* fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
This *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,
- 3 And roars beneath th'eternal load;
"With endless burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?"
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN

HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

The Evil of Sin, visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The

- The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry pending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, fate,
Amongst the morning stars * he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies,
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
"Son of the morning †, from the skies!"]
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- 5 [So sprung the plague from *Adam's* bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick relief;
O! may he slay this treach'rous guest!
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

* Job xxxviii. 7.

† Isa. xiv. 12.

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive :
Yet we, who have a heav'n t'obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above :
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise ;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

God invisible.

- 1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode ;
O 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
To glance a thought half-way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels clime the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,

And

And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial gleams of gloomy night.

- 4 Yet glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and chear us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

Praise ye him, all his Angel, Psalm cxlviii. 2.

- 1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name!
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array:
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquished *Satan* and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from blifs.]

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- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurled upon the rebels there!
What dreadful jav'lines nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]
- 8 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host;
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

- 1 S Toop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise;
Converse awhile with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O, the soul, that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell
It mounts, triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die,
And must this soul remove?

O, for

O, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above?

- 6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

Redemption by Price and Power.

- 1 *JESUS*, with all thy saints above
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From *Satan's* heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints that feel his grace.

HYMN XXX. Short Metre.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place;

Religion

- Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 [Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 *Jesus* can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Frailty and Folly.

- H**OW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.
 - 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

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- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of veng'ance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!
Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. Common Metre.

The blessed Society in Heaven.

- 1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.
2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'ning there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;

And

And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

- 7 [But, O what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from *Jesus*' face,
And love in every smile!]
8 *Jesus*! O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst 'em there!

HYMN XXXIV. Common Metre.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit: or, Fervency of
Devotion desired.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad our Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

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HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace;
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne;
 All glory to th' United Three,
 The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
 That form'd us by a word;
 'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
 Salvation to the Lord!
- 4 *Hosanna!* let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound;
 Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
 In one eternal round.

HYMN XXXVI. Short Metre.

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
 T' appear before our God,
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery veng'ance now,
 No burning wrath comes down;
 If justice calls for sinner's blood,
 The Saviour shews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
 Our humble suit he moves;
 The Father lays his thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now

- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his Face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of Grace
"That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above:"
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains,
To speak immortal love!
- 7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN XXXVII. *The same.* Com. Metre.

- 1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor! there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast:
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to the heav'nly host.]

- 5 *Jesus* alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
"Hosanna in the high'st!"
Ten thousand thanks our Spirits bring
To God and to his *Christ*.]

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. Common Metre.

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

- 1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few*," the Patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.

- 1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face,
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since *Christ* and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles, my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd,
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

HYMN

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying *Christ*,
 Can make this world of guilt remove;
 And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
 On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies,
 What little things these worlds would be,
 How despicable to my eyes!]
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
 Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
 While ratt'ling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All! eternal King!
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Delight in God

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above at thy right hand!
 Thy courts below, how amiable,
 Where all thy graces stand!

2 The

- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a chearful note;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy skies,¹
And tunes his warbling throat:
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While *Jesus* shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we drop and hang the wing,
When *Jesus* hides his love.]

HYMN XLIII. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great *Jehovah's* equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came, to raise our nature high;

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- He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around;
 His precious blood the monsters spilt;
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XLIV. Long Metre.

Hell: or, The Vengeance of God

- 1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore;
 Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
 That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
 The land of horror and despair,
 Justice has built a dismal hell,
 And laid her stores of veng'ance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
 Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
 And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
 Dipt in the blood of damned souls.

4 There

- 4 There *Satan* the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.
- 5 There guilty ghosts of *Adam's* race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call:
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN XLV. Long Metre.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with *Gabriel's* songs;
But th' heav'nly majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

God's Condescension to human Affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God:
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.
- 7 O could our thankful heart devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
See where it shines in *Jesus'* face
The brightest image of his grace:

F

God,

- God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, and pow'rful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
Out-shines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN XLVIII. Common Metre.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

H Y M N XLIX. Common Metre.

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as *Moses* did.
- 3 Might I but climb to *Pisgab's* top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

H Y M N L. Long Metre.

Comforts under Sorrow and Pain.

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

- 2 But O! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed *Jesus* frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there imprest,
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. Long Metre.

God, the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;

Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one ;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the names of *Christ* our King
With equal honours be ador'd ;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN LII. Common Metre.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God.
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell ;
Let stubborn sinners fear :
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recover'ing grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above.
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band
To bear my soul away.

HYMN LIII. Common Metre.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints: or, Earth and Heaven.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No chearing fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
Lies thro' this horrid land:
Lord, we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert thro'
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5 [A thou

- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]
- 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.]
- 7 [By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road ;
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at *Zion's* hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come !
There *Jesus* the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'lers home.]
- 10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- 11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongues,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]
- 12 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

God's Presence is Light and Darkness.

- 1 MY God ! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
While *Jesus* shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his*.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith.
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

*The Misery of being without God in this World;
or, Vain Prosperity.*

- 1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow prophanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow,
Upon this earthly clod ;
Well, they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.
- 4 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own,

But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine :
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft, and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow !
And longing hopes, and chearful smiles,
sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While

- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

The shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

- 1 **T**IME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as an *Indian* arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, *They're here*;
But only say, *They're past*.]
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share :
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
And be his name ador'd !
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Paradise on Earth.

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings thro';
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down,
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When *Christ*, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming *Paradise* of joy,
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I strait employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lillies all around appear,
And each his glory shews;
The Rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.
- 6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot,
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away,
From these lamenting eyes!
- 8 When shall the time, dear *Jesus*, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness here?

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9 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

*The Truth of God the Promiser: or, The Promises
are our Security.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live:
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
Each of them pow'rful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives,
O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th'Almighty faith,
T'embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own!
Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,

Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

HYMN LXI. Common Metre.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1 MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb!
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.]
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls a way,
To their eternal home.

HYMN

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

*God the Thunderer : or, The last Judgment on Hell *.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts ;
And thou, O earth, adore :
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky ;
He makes the clouds his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
'Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
Add from his awful tongue,
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And sling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once desy'd the Lord :
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN LXIII. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry :

* Made in a great storm of thunder, Aug. 20, 1697.

- “Ye living men come, view the ground,
 “Where you must shortly lie.
 2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 “In spite of all your pow’rs!
 “The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,
 “Must lie as low as ours.”
 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!
 4 Grant us the pow’r of quick’ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We’ll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

God the Glory, and the Defence of Sion.

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator’s grace;
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God.
 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heav’nly warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fix’d on his counsels and his love.
 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
 Against his throne in vain they rage;
 Like rising waves with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.
 4 Then let your souls in Zion dwell,
 Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
 His arms embrace this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

*The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials
 on Earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd;
 Then I can smile at *Satan's* rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all.
 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll,
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never with'ring flow'rs:

- Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the *Canaan* that we love
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre.

God's eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there's nothing old appears ;
 Great God ! there's nothing new.
 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on,
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. Common Metre.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thine abode ;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee,
 Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon thy throne ;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen ;
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigour in
 With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
 Th'adoring armies fall ;

With

With joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

- 6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast,
And VANITY* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus while I sing, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

- 1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched dying men ;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please ;

* Isa. lx. 17.

- He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.
- 6 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was *Abra'm's* God.
- 8 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine!*
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice;
And faith desires no more.]

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

God's Dominion over the Sea, Psalm cvii. 23, &c.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command,
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a *Moses* wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly rocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps up and means a praise to God.

- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep:
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- 9 O, for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky,

From the 70th to the 108 hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.

HYMN LXXI. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,

And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

H Y M N LXXII. Common Metre.

The Lord's Day: or, The Resurrection of Christ.

Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
'That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hail

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God, in vain;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay,
 And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King;
 Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad *Hosannas* ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. Common Metre.

Doubts scattered: or, Spiritual Joy restored.

- 1 **H**ence from my soul, sad thoughts begone,
 And leave me to my joys;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darknefs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my head in tears,
 Till sov'reign grace with shining rays
 Dispelled my gloomy fears.
- 4 O, what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When *Jesus* told me, I was his,
 And my Beloved, mine!
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
 Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. Short Metre.

*Repentance from a Sense of divine Goodness: or,
A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run
To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men;
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

*Spiritual and eternal Joy: or, The beatific Sight
of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond

- Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed *Jesus* reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet *Jesus*! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our *Immanuel* rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes,

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honour in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down;
 Our *Jesus* fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.
 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his bless'd abode;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise;
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our *Immanuel's* praise.]

H Y M N LXXVII. Long Metre.

The Christian Warfare.

[STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel-armour on;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy *Jesus* nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.]
 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
 And waste the fury of his spight,
 Eternal chains confine him down
 To fiery deeps, and endless night.
 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;

The

The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw,
His most divine array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

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- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
 The business of our days;
 For ever shall our thankful tongues
 Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one chearful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
 And broke our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell,
 His cursed projects tries;
 We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
 Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord!
 Our souls are all on flame;

Hosanna

Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.

- 8 Angels! assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN LXXX. Short Metre.

God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 O H! the Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne;
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals unsufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God!
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our *Sion* well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above,
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXI. Common Metre.

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins be gone,
For *Jesus* I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms,
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war,
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN LXXXII. Common Metre.

Redemption and Protection from spiritual Enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

- 3 The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul he plac'd,
 And on the Rock of Ages set
 My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
 Is wall'd around with grace;
 Salvation for a bulwark stands
 To shield the sacred place.
- 5 *Satan* may vent his sharpest spite,
 And all his legions roar;
 Almighty mercy guards my life,
 And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
 And tunes of pleasure sing;
 Loud *Hallelujahs* shall address
 My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
 "Awake, my dreadful sword!
 "Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
 "My Fellow," saith the Lord.
- 2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread command,
 And armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
 And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But, O! the wisdom and the grace
 That join'd with veng'ance now!
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A Person so divine was he,
 Who yielded to be slain,

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That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high;
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The saviour and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. *The same.* Short Metre.

COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring,
'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,
And *Christ* the Man, we sing.
Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.
[Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]
[The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of Almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]
Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he rose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.
There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne;

The

The Father lays his veng'ance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

- 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And blest his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN LXXXV. Common Metre.

Sufficiency of pardon.

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?
- 2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults;
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

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HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Pardon from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

1 OUR sins, alas ! how strong they be !
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !
How loud the tempests roar !
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move ;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of ev'ry song.

HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

The divine Glories above our Reason.

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious
Must our Creator be, [bright,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity !

Our soaring spirits upwards rise
T'ward the celestial throne :
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies:
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Likelight'ning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.
- 3 *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

H Y M N X C. Common Metre.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And *Satan* binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."
My soul, obeys th'almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O! help my unbelief.

G

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- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God ! I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My *Jesus*, and my *All*.]

HYMN XCI. Common Metre.

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down :
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,

- High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around !]
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest'd abode !
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God !
- 9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
We long to leave our clay ;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN XCII. Common Metre.

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

- 1 **S**HOUL to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run ;
Ye *British* skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire ;
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, on the starry skies,

- Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their *Babel* down.
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice :
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
T'escape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd :
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare,
Their curst hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r :
Let *Britain* with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN XCIII. Short Metre.

God All, and in All, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell :
'Tis *Paradise* when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

- 3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their blifs;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where *Jesus* is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from the I lie !
Dear *Jesus* raise me higher.

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre:

God *my only Happiness*, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee, in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !

- There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
 Scatters his feeble light :
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
 Amongst the shades I roll,
 If my Redeemer shews his head,
 'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
 And health, and safe abode :
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compar'd to thee ?
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all my friends, to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces, and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone,
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore ;
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- 1 INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
 Behold my bleeding Lord !
 Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
 And us'd the Roman sword.

- 2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore !
 When knotty whips and jagged thorns
 His sacred body tore !
- 3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns
 In vain do I accuse :
 In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
 And the more spiteful *Jews*.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were :
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head :
 Break, break, mine heart ! O, burst, mine eyes !
 And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

*Distinguishing Love : or, Angels punished, and
 Man saved.*

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies
 The rebel-angels fell,
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
 And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the grave
 To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O, love of infinite degree,
 Unmeasurable grace !

- Must heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us wretches higher?
- 5 O, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujah sing.

HYMN XCVII. *The same.* Long Metre.

- 1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss, [down;
And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, our selves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. Common Metre.

Hardness of Heart complained of.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne,

And

And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above!
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

H Y M N XCIX. Common Metre.

The Book of God's Decrees.

1 L ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies,
Were into motion brought,
All the long years, and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

- 4 If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays,
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volumes of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
 O, may I read my name
 Amongst the chosen of his love,
 The followers of the Lamb!

HYMN C. Long Metre.

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
 How it distracts and tears my heart,
 If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
 Should frown, and bid my soul, *Depart!*
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
 For I have sought no other home;
 For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,
 Without some glimpses of thy face;
 And heav'n, without thy presence there,
 Will be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
 The shining hours of chearful light
 Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
 Between my Saviour and my soul,

How dull the night, how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [*Christ* is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of *Christ* my love.]
- 9 [My God, and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That, where thou art, thy friends must be.]

HYMN CI. Common Metre.

The World's three chief Temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death
To gain that airy good.

- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
I'll indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls :
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice :
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew :
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

A happy Resurrection.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a chearful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust ;
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break sacred morning thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day :
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay !
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,

And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

Christ's *Commission*, John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear *Jesus*, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When *Christ* on the kin'd errand came,
And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

comes; stay! See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

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HYMN

HYMN CIV. *The same.* Short Metre.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror cloths his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames,
 And threat'ning veng'ance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, *forbear* ;
 And straight the thunder stays ;
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin :
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts shall ye command ;
 No more will we obey ;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. Common Metre.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 OH, if my soul were form'd for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs !
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God ;
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood !
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed ;

Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN CVII. Common Metre.

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice,
Pronounce the sound, *Depart?*
- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly?
- 5 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 6 *Jesus!* I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

- 7 O ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands !
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again :
And chearfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

H Y M N CVIII. Common Metre.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

- 1 C O M E, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame :
Our God appear'd *Consuming Fire*,
And Veng'ance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of *Jesus'* blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyfs of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars, and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God ;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN CX. Short Metre.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face,
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To *Jesus*' dying love :
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise,
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

*Thanksgiving for Victory : or, God's Dominion,
 and our Deliverance.*

- 1 *ZION* rejoice, and *Judah* sing,
 The Lord assumes his throne ;
 Let *Britain* own the heav'nly King,
 And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
 From their high seats are hurl'd ;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
 And thunders thro' the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
 Distributes mortal crowns ;
 Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
 And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
 Are vanquish'd by his breath ;
 And legions arm'd with pow'r and pride,
 Descend to wat'ry death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
 To vex our happy land ;

Jehovah's

*Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.*

- 6 [Long may the king, our sov'reign live
To rule us by his word ;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord !

HYMN CXII. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to Christ and the Saints.

- 1 GREAT God ! to what a glorious height
Halt thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son !
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of veng'ance, and of love.
- 3 His orders run thro' all the hosts ;
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the *British* coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come ;
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN CXIII. *The same.* Common Metre

THE majesty of *Solomon*,
How glorious to behold !

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- The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold.
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears
On the cold ground he lies;
Behold, a heav'nly form appears,
T'allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of *Christ* our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
To see a sinner turn;
Then *Satan* has a captive lost,
And *Christ* a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends,
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.
- 8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found;
Then let the great Archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- 1 I Sing my Saviour's wond'rous death ;
He conquer'd when he fell ;
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The veng'ance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their sev'ral crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

*God the Avenger of his Saints : or, His Kingdoms
supreme.*

- 1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God ;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,

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- Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you Gods, that awful name !
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;
He put on veng'ance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear ;
The meanest saint that you despise,
Has an avenger there.

HYMN CXVI. Common Metre.

Mercies and Thanks.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop,
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up.
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while *Jesus* lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My chearful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Living and dying with God present.

- 1 I Cannot bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope, and wait for heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

The Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge, the blood of *Abel* cries:
But the dear stream when *Christ* was slain,
Speaks *Peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold he lays his veng'ance by:
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- 3 To *Jesus* let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon pleads, his blood.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The holy Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;

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- And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage:
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand!

H Y M N CXX. Short Metre.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These

- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands:
The pity of his melting heart,
And veng'ance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn *Christ* crucify'd,
And here behold his blood!
All arts and knowledges beside,
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall *Satan* rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and light'ning guards the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN CXXI. Long Metre.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once?

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But in the gospel *Christ* appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN CXXII. Long Metre.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee ;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 One sov'reign word can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone :
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,
 Away from earth our souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore ;

We

- We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If *Satan* rage, and sin grows strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN CXXIV. Common Metre.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy *Sinai* giv'n,
Or sent to men by *Moses'* hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which *Aaron* spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 *Aaron* the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill.

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- 4 And thus on *Jordan's* yonder side
 The tribes of *Isr'el* stand,
 While *Moses* bow'd his head and dy'd,
 Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 *Isr'el* rejoice, now *Joshua* * leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest:
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds,
 The Ruler and the Priest.

HYMN CXXV. Long Metre.

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n [done;
 To souls that mourn the sins they've
 Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
 By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt,
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double veng'ance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. Common Metre.

God glorified in the Gospel.

THE Lord, descending from above,
 Invites his children near;
 While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,
 Display their glories here.
 Here, in thy gospels wond'rous frame,
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;

* *Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.*

A thou.

- A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all thy myst'ry shines,
And shines at *Jesús*' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows,
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Circumcision and Baptism.

Written only for those who practise Infant Baptism.

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of *Abra'm* pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth *Jesús* prove
His Father's cov'nant; and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with chearful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of *Abra'm* praise.

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HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

- 1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
 Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
 And eat forbidden food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
 To sinful joys inclin'd;
 Reason has lost its native place,
 And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
 Sin is the sweetest good;
 We fancy music in our chains,
 And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;
 Our broken pow'rs restore:
 Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
 And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
 Upon our inward parts,
 And let the second *Adam* draw
 His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
 Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So *Abr'am*, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. Common Metre.

The new Creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old *Adam* dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay,
"See the new world arise!
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer set me free
From my old state of sin:
O, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould mine heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead;
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

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HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord ;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.

[What if we trace the globe around,
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,
 There shall be no religion found
 So just to God, so safe to man.]

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks
 Till we apply to *Christ alone*.

How well thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be !
 How firm our hope and comfort stands !
 [Not the feign'd fields of *Heath'nish* bliss
 Could raise such pleasure in the mind ;
 Nor does the *Turkish Paradise*
 Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

Should all the forms that men devise,
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

The Offices of Christ.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

We

- 2 We rev'rence our high Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.
 We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our soul from hell and sin
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 *Hosanna* to his glorious name,
 Who saves by different ways;
 His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;
 Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know,
 Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
 Thy cheering words awake our joys:
 Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Circumcision abolished.

THE promise was divinely free,
 Extensive was the grace;
 "I will the God of *Abr'am* be,
 "And of his num'rous race."
 He said, and with a bloody seal
 Confirm'd the words he spoke;
 Long did the sons of *Abr'am* feel
 The sharp and painful yoke;
 Till God's own Son descending low,
 Gave his own flesh to bleed;
 And *Gentiles* taste the blessings now,
 From the hard bondage freed.
 The God of *Abr'am* claims our praise;
 His promises endure:
 And *Christ* the Lord, in gentler ways,
 Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
 Behold the great *Messiah* come!
 Behold the prophets all agreed
 To give him the superior room!
Abr'am, the saint, rejoic'd of old
 When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold,
 This great fulfiller of his law.
 Thy types bore witness to his name,
 Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
 The incense and the bleeding lamb,
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.

- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesur, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

H Y M N CXXXVI. Long Metre.

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE King of Glory sends his Son,
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders, and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose, and led
The *Eastern* sages to his feet.
- 3 *Simeon* and *Anna* both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

H Y M N CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;

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- The father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
4 Hence and for ever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

H Y M N CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.
2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are rais'd and cloath'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
[Where *Satan* reigns in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
[Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such defence to thy Father's will;
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God the Judge shall own my name,
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
 They with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod
 (His zeal inspired their breast)
 And following their incarnate God,
 Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Shew the same path to heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

*Faith assisted by Sense: or, Preaching, Baptism,
 and the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my Sov'reign Prince,
 Reigns far above the skies!
 But brings his graces down to sense,
 And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
 They read and hear his word:
 My touch and taste shall do the same,
 When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is designed
 To seal his cleansing grace,
 While at his feast of bread and wine
 He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
 Can make my flesh so clean,
 As by his Spirit and his blood
 He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
 So much my heart refresh,

As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

- 6 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceed the figures still.

HYMN CXLII. Short Metre.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On *Jewish* altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But *Christ* the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of mine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Flesh and Spirit.

- 1 WHAT different pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state!

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- I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and *Satan* reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and Spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN CXLIV. Long Metre.

The Effusion of the Spirit: or, The Success of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North*:
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."
These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are

- To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
 While *Satan* rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- 1 I Love the windows of thy grace,
 Thro' which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's face,
 Without a glass between.
- 2 O, that the happy hour was come
 To change my faith to sight!
 I shall behold my Lord at home
 In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 Then all my passions shall be love,
 And all my pow'rs be praise.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The Vanity of Creatures: or, No Rest on Earth.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires;
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind:

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- We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vitious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

The Creation of the World, Gen. 1.

- 1 "NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A watry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
'Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

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- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of eve'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' sov'reign of the rest ;
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood ;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My *Jesus*, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;

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- 'Tis by thy interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind.
 4 But if *Immanuel's* face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins:
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
 5 While *Jews* on their own law rely,
 And *Greeks* of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

HYMN CXLIX. Common Metre.

Honour to Magistrates: or, Government from God.

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.
 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
 And bless thy providence
 For magistrates of meaner name,
 Our glory and defence.
 [The crowns of *British* princes shine
 With rays above the rest,
 Where laws and liberties combine
 To make the nation bless'd.]
 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
 While virtue finds reward;
 And sinners perish from the land
 By justice and the sword.

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- 5 Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid
 To *Cæsar* and his throne;
 But consciences and souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN CL. Common Metre.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practise on the mind;
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his setters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretence;
 But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
 Grew the forbidden food;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CLI. Long Metre.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
 The ancient prophets spoke his word;
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
 And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
 Confirm'd the messages they brought;
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
 To save the holy words from death.

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- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
 On the dear volume of thy book;
 There my Redeemer's face I see,
 And read his name who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
 Be lost, and vanish in the wind:
 Here I can fix my hope secure;
 This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on *Sinai* spoke;
- 2 But we are come to *Sion's* hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to fight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make:
 All join in *Christ* their living head,
 And of his grace partake.

- 6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest:
 The man that dwells where *Jesus* is,
 Must be for ever blest.

HYMN CLIII. Common Metre.

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

- 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
 Infects our vital blood:
 The only balm is sov'reign grace,
 And the physician God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
 And we draw near to death;
 But *Christ* the Lord recalls the dead,
 With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage;
 Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
 And solid good despise;
 Such is the folly of the mind,
 Till *Jesus* makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
 We drink the pois'nous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell;
 But heav'n prevents the fall.]
- 6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
 Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
 He foams and raves till *Jesus* comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.]

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HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

Self Righteousness insufficient.

- 1 " **W**HERE are the mourners *, faith the
Lord,
" That wait and tremble at my word ?
" That walk in darkness all the day ?
" Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 " [No works nor duties of your own,
" Can for the smallest sin atone ;
" † The robes that nature may provide,
" Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 " The softest couch that nature knows,
" Can give the conscience no repose :
" Look to my righteousness and live ;
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
- 4 " Ye sons of pride who kindle coals
" With your own hands to warm your souls ;
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.
- 5 " This is your portion at my hands,
" Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
" Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
" In death, in darkness, and despair."

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

Christ our Passover.

- 1 **L**O, the destroying angel flies
To *Pharaoh's* stubborn land !
The pride and flow'r of *Egypt* dies
By his vindictive hand.
- He pass'd the tents of *Jacob* o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;

* Isa. l. 10, 11.

† Isa. xxviii. 20.

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- He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And blest'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed lamb must bleed,
To break th' *Egyptian* yoke;
Thus *Isr'el* is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 *Jesus* our passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from *Satan's* heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN CLVI. Common Metre.

*Presumption and Despair: or, Satan's various
Temptations.*

- 1 I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "how easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."
- 4 [He bids young sinners, "yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

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- 5 He tells the aged, "They must die;
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r;
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. *The same.* Common Metre.

- 1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

HYMN CLVIII. Long Metre.

Few saved: or, The almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross;"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a faint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

An unconverted State; or, Converting Grace.

- 1 [**G**REAT King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From *Adam* flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;

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- Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dang'rous road
that leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends,
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN CLX. Long Metre.

Custom in Sin.

- 1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might *Ethiopian* slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. Common Metre.

Christian Virtues: or, The Difficulty of Conversion.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high!
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 4 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXII. Common Metre.

The Meditation of Heaven: or, The Joys of Faith.

- 1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.

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- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm;
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arms,
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are!
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

H Y M N CLXIII. Common Metre.

Complaint of Desertion and Temptation.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, behold our fore distress,
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble sheep;
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.
Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]
If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;

Am

- An Advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword
To slay our deadly foes :
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, in depth, and length !
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN CLXIV. Common Metre.

The End of the World.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpets sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground ?

HYMN CLXV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;

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- But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace,
My mem'ry can retain !
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hopes of joys above !
How few affections there !]
- 5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

H Y M N CLXVI. Common Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite unknown ?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?
- 2 [The great Invisible ! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those

- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]
- 4 [Speak we of strength? his arm is strong
To save, or to destroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]
- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy,
Burn like devouring flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word;
Then t'will be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN CLXVII. Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 GREAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to the eternal King.
- 2 [Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;

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All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own the Lord.]

3 [His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows!
If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill
Or guide the counsels of his will?
Wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high, beyond our line.]

5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery veng'ance on their heads.]

6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away:
While his own son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demand my faith:
My soul can rest on all he saith:
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 O, tell

- 10 O, tell me with a gentle voice,
 "Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice;
 Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
 The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN CLXVIII. *The same.* Long Metre.

- 1 *Jehovah* reigns, his throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty;
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
 His justice guards his holy law;
 His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles *Satan's* deep designs;
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
 The noblest councils of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 Then let my songs with angels join;
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX. *The same,*

As the clxviiiith Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty;
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.

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- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe:
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his ancient works,
Surprizing wisdom shines;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
"My father and my Friend?"
I love his name!
I love his word!
Join, all my pow'r's,
And praise the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. Long Metre.

God *incomprehensible and sovereign.*

- 1 [CAN creatures to perfection find *
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?

* Job xi. 7, &c.

His

- His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a King, of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 * He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
† The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job. xxv. 5.

† Job xxvi. 11, &c.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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BOOK III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the
LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 For us, his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy veng'ance in our stead.
- 5 For us, his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;

When

When for black crimes of biggest size
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

- 6 " Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying friend :
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 [*Jesus!* thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN II. Short Metre.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints, 1 Cor.
x. 16, 17.

- 1 [*JESUS* invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord,
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our descending God !]
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But *Jesus* is the head.

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- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

*The New Testament in the Blood of Christ: or,
The New Covenant sealed.*

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love
" Shall stand for ever good:"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,
Which *Jesus* did bequeath:
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his Testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

*Christ's dying Love: or, Our Pardon bought at a
dear Price.*

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

- 2 [When justice by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed thro' his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of *Jesus*' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Christ *the Bread of Life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 LET us adore the eternal Word,
L 'Tis he our souls hath fed:
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

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- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The *Jews*, the fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While *Jesus* finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For *Jesus* never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But *Christ* our life shall come ;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. Long Metre.

The Memorial of our absent Lord, John xvi. 16.

Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood ;

We

- We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

HYMN VII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ,
Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of *Christ* my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 [His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

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- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N VIII. Common Metre.

The Tree of Life.

- 1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood;
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food !]
- 3 The tree of life, that, near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.
- [Hov'ring amongst the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- ['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight;
And to the taste is sweet.
- New life it spreads thro' dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]
- Now let the flaming weapon stand
And guard all *Eden's* trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

8 Infinite

- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
 Whose wond'rous hand has made
 This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
 To raise and heal the dead.

H Y M N IX. Short Metre.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood, 1 John v. 6.

- 1 LET all our tongues be one
 To praise our God on high,
 Who from his bosom sent his Son
 To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
 How chearfully he came!
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God;
 Great was our debt, and he appears
 To make the payment good.
- 4 [My Saviour's pierced side
 Pour'd out a double flood;
 By water we are purify'd,
 And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,
 But he, our Priest, atones;
 On the cold ground, his life was spilt,
 And offer'd with his groans.]
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him,
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream
 Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There on the cursed tree
 In dying pangs he lies,
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,
 And all our wants supplies.

- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good,
9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.
10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin ;
Nor let thy grace depart ;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN X. Long Metre.

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.
But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.
Here his whole name appears complete ;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]
Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and veng'ance strangely join,
Mercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd !

Her

Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

- 1 **L**ORD how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place
Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There *Jesus* says that, "I am his,
"And my beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart
And tells of all his pain;
"All this, says he, I bore for thee;"
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King,
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad!
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

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7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN XII. Long Metre.

The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord,
Thy table furnish'd from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
2 Thine ancient family, the *Jews*,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.
3 [We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
[What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God !
It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.]
Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

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HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the
Guests, Luke xiv. 17. 22, 23.*

- H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With *Christ* within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
" Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there's room ;
" When thousands make a wretched choice,
" And rather starve than come ?"]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMNS

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

*The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28 : or, A sight of
Christ makes Death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as *Simeon* wou'd,
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his ;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light ; our morning-star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;
The glory of thine *Isr'el* here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 **[T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue :
How rich he spreads his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread ;
But doubly bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

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- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on *Jesus*' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.]
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, eat, he cries;
"And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 "[My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins.]"
- 6 *Hosanna* to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

The Agonies of Christ.

- 1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to *Calvary* she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew ;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too !
- 5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear ;
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

H Y M N XVII. Short Metre.

Incomparable Food : or, the Flesh & Blood of Christ.

- 1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour 'tis thy blood ;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]
- 3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things ;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had *Adam* fought,
And search'd his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.

- 5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some chearing word,
With pleasure in his face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
- 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored *Christ*:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high't.

HYMN XVIII. *The same.* Long Metre.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

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- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast ;
 His name our souls for ever bless :
 To God the King, and God the priest,
 A loud *Hosanna* round the place.

HYMN XIX. Long Metre.

Glory in the Cross: or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend thy dying feast ;
 Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
 And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in one that dy'd ;
 We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
 And sling their scandals on thy cause ;
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,
 And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
 He that was dead has left his tomb ;
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

The provision for the Table of our Lord: or, The Tree of Life, and River of Love.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 And sing the solemn feast,
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand
 For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board
 With rich immortal fruit ;
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword
 To guard the passage to't.

- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasures well refin'd;
They spread new life thro' ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine:
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud *Hosannas* join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this,
Hosanna! let it sound aboard,
And reach where *Jesus* is.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

*The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin
and Death, and Hell.*

- 1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 *Jesus* the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That 'rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]
- 3 [*Jesus* the God invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!

An

And O ! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear !

5 " For you, the children of my love,
" It was for you I dy'd ;

" Behold my hands, behold my feet,
" And look into my side.

6 " These are the wounds for you I bore,
" The tokens of my pains,

" When I came down to free your souls
" From misery and chains.

7 " [Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
" And plung'd it in my heart ;

" Infinite pangs for you I bore,
" And most tormenting smart.

8 " When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
" Stood dreadful in my way,

" To rescue those dear lives of yours,
" I gave my own away.

9 " But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
" I ruin'd *Satan's* throne ;

" High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
" The monster tumbling down.

10 " Now you must triumph at my feast,
" And taste my flesh, my blood :

" And live eternal ages blest ;
" For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victorious God ! what can we pay
For favours so divine ?

We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues ;

But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre
The Compassion of a dying Christ.

- OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;
 O, that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ;
 The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
 He from the threat'nings sets us free,
 Bore the full veng'ance on his cross,
 And nail'd the curses to the tree.]
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
 And Sinai's thunder roars no more ;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.]
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
 And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood ;
 Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins
 Of *Jesus*, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine ;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN XXIII. Common Metre.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 Our faith beholds the dying Lord,
 And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of *Jesus* shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;

Th

The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing, from thy wounds.

4 O! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a chearful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Divine Glories and Graces.

HOW are thy glories here display'd !
Great God, how bright they shine !
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.


2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause ;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like *Jesus* on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice ;
And love appears with chearful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight ;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy :
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

 I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these DIVINE HYMNS, till I have addressed a special Song of Glory to GOD the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY SPIRIT. Though the Latin name of it, GLORIA PATRI, be retained in our nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be

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one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine nature, that our Lord JESUS CHRIST, has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few Hosannas, or Ascriptions of Salvation to CHRIST, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, God the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

HYMN XXVI. First Long Metre.

- 1 BLESS'd be the father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

HYMN XXVII. First Common Metre.

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race

- Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XXVIII. First Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues :
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 'To the great One in Three,
'That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXIX. Second Long Metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown ;
In essence One, in persons Three ;
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN XXX. Second Common Metre.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death ;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine.
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN XXXI. Second Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear ;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN XXXII. Third Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN XXXIII. *Or thus:*

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
 Father of mercy, God of love!
 Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
 And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN XXXIV. Third Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN XXXV. *Or thus:*

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
 And everlasting One;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN XXXVI. Third Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN XXXVII. *Or thus:*

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honour done.

HYMN XXXVIII. 1st. *As the cxlviiiith Psalm,
 A Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity.*

I Give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above:

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He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The Undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One;
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN XXXIX. 2d. *As the cxlviiiith Psalm.*

- 1 **T**O him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that form'd our hearts anew,
Is endless praise and glory due.

- 2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise and zeal the same.

- 3 Let ev'ry faint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever blest and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heav'n shall raise his honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

HYMN XL. *As the cxlviiiith Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips their tribute bring,
Our faith adores the name we sing.

HYMN XLI. *Or thus:*

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three Mysteries in one,
Salvation, pow'r, and praise be giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

*The HOSANNA: or, Salvation ascribed
to Christ.*

HYMN XLII. Long Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in *Sion* sing,
The growing glories of her King.

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HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Grace:
 Sion behold thy King;
 Proclaim the Son of *David's* race,
 And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 *Hosanna* to th' incarnate word,
 Who from the Father came;
 Ascribe Salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

HYMN XLIV. Short Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
 Of *David* and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To *Christ* th' anointed King
 Be endless blessings giv'n;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN XLV. As the cxlviiiith Psalm.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King
 Of *David's* ancient blood;
 Behold he comes to bring
 Forgiving grace from God;
 Let old and young attend his way,
 And at his feet their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb;
 Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 His wond'rous love proclaim;
 Upon his head shall honours rest,
 And ev'ry age pronounce him blest.

A T A B L E

To find any HYMN by the TITLE or CON-
TENTS of it.

Note, The Letters a, b, c, signify the first, second, and third Book: The Figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what Hymn you seek under one Word of the Title, seek it under another, or by some Word that is of the same Signification, though perhaps not mentioned in the Title of the Hymn.

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